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BOOTH MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED

Son of the Great Salvationist Issues an Appeal for \$75,000 to Maintain Training College for Officers

LONDON, Sept. 5.—Bramwell Booth, the new head of the Salvation Army, has issued an appeal for \$75,000 with which to erect, equip and maintain a new training college for Salvation Army officers as a memorial to his father.

Regarding the form of the memorial he says:

"It seems clear that we should ask ourselves, 'What would he himself say could he speak to us?' I know that in consistency with his noble life he would warmly repudiate any thought of a personal tribute, such as could be expressed by stone or iron. He would say: 'Let it be something that would benefit the needy, and the needy of all countries.' And he would say: 'Let it be something, the beneficial effect of which will be felt, if possible, as long as the world lasts.'"

In further discussing the project, Bramwell Booth adds that provision for the better training of officers had much occupied his father's mind of late years, but he hesitated to bring out the plan, because of the large sum required.

"But," asks the new officer commanding, "may not his death have given us just the impetus we need for an extraordinary effort? I do not intend to spend one shilling on turrets or marble ornamentation, but to build in the simplest form consistent with up-to-date sanitation and methods. In other countries the English model will be largely followed, and complete union on the general plan will be ensured. The amount raised here will determine what shall be done in the United States, Canada, India, Germany and elsewhere."

ORIGIN OF THE SANDWICH

The first ancestor of the sandwich was an article of diet much indulged in by the Romans and called by them "offula." It was later adopted under various names by several European nations, but the first real sandwich, so called, was eaten by an Englishman, John Montague, fourth Earl of Sandwich, in the middle of the eighteenth century. So fond of his gaming table was the earl that he would not leave it at dinner time, whereupon his anxious family would send the butler to him with "slices of bread with meat between." Light repasts of this kind grew to be quite the rage, and in 1762 Gibbon in his journal tells of dining at the Cocoa Tree, where the "first men in the kingdom were to be observed enjoying a bit of cold meat or a sandwich." In 1836 Dickens described a supper quite like our later-day parties, where "small, triangular sandwiches in trays" were passed. Since then the contrivance has assumed a multitude of forms, from the clumsy ham and mustard variety to those of delicate marmalade for midday's pink tea. The sandwich holds its place in our menus not only because of its innate common sense, but because of its democracy.

VIKING BREAD.

Viking bread from Eastern Gothland has been examined by Dr. Schnittger, of Stockholm University. It proves to be a mixture of peas and pine bark, so that Sweden must have had peas at least 1000 years ago.



All Grocers

Caught In His Own Trap

By BESSIE D. IVESON

Hawkins was strolling through a wood when he came to the rear of a gentleman's country place inclosed by a wall about as high as his chin and stood looking in at an orchard, a flower garden and other nice things that are usually included in a gentleman's country grounds. Edging along where the wall was lower, he found himself opposite the flower garden. Seeing some roses that were very beautiful, he coveted them. He wouldn't steal them, but he thought he had at least the right to sniff their perfume, so he climbed the wall and entered the garden.

There was no one near, and he wandered about, enjoying the beauty and the odor of the flowers, not feeling that he was in any great danger of being caught trespassing. Coming to a conservatory, he entered. The combined warmth and beautiful colors and plant odor were delicious. He walked around one side of an embankment of verdure and was turning when he stood face to face with a girl. She looked very much embarrassed and began to stammer excuses for being there.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but your place—I mean your grounds—are so beautiful that I could not resist the temptation to enter. Then, coming to this conservatory—I love conservatories—I just couldn't help coming in here either."

Hawkins, instead of admitting that he was himself a trespasser, said that the girl was quite excusable and was welcome not only to visit the premises, but to as many flowers as she could carry away. He began to pluck the choicest and to load her down with them.

"These roses," he said, "are my pride. They are a variety I imported from England. But you prefer violets, I presume. You will find them very sweet. Let me give you some mynionette."

And so, going from plant to plant, the scamp continued to bestow upon her flowers that did not belong to him. Too honest to take them himself, he saw no harm in giving them to another whose conscience was perfectly clear at the transaction. Since she supposed they were the offering of their owner, all that was necessary to render the freak successful was to get her out before being discovered.

The door at the entrance opened and closed.

Hawkins looked about him. They were at the further end of the inclosure, and there was no egress there. The girl saw that something had gone wrong and looked at him, agitated.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "Trust to me and back me up in anything I may say."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't own this greenhouse. I am a trespasser as well as you."

"Heavens!"

"Keep a stiff upper lip. I have been caught in worse traps than this many a time."

The dialogue was brought to an end by approaching footsteps, and a gentleman came to where they were standing, the girl looking very guilty, Hawkins ready for anything.

"Good morning, sir," he said to the gentleman. "You must pardon us, but your beautiful grounds and especially this conservatory have proved too much of a temptation for us, and, being here, the lady was so delighted with your flowers that I had not the heart to see her go away without a few of them."

Now, the real owner took in the situation at once. It happened that he was a bit of a wag himself, and had not the trespassers been rattled they might have seen a twinkle in his eye when he said:

"I assure you I have no objection to a lady and gentleman using any part of my grounds provided they have a right to do so in each other's company. I presume you are married."

The girl turned pale. "O-certainly!" stammered Hawkins. The gentleman looked dubious. "Do you mean, sir, that this lady is your wife?"

"And you, madam—is this gentleman your husband?"

The response was a faint but audible "Yes."

"Then, madam, you are quite welcome to the flowers you have, and I beg you to accept more."

With this he began clipping right and left, loading the flowers upon her. Then he insisted on showing the couple his place and after that invited them into his house, bringing out a decanter of wine and a bit of old cheese with biscuits. Having got Hawkins' name, he kept calling the girl Mrs. Hawkins, and every time he did so she blushed to the roots of her hair. Finally, when they took their departure, he said:

"I am always pleased to have others enjoy my place under proper conditions. If I suspect a couple entering the premises of not being married I always marry them. Of course it wasn't mercenary in your case, but when you each acknowledged the other before me to be your legal partner that married you."

When the pair emerged from the grounds the girl asked grimly, "What was that he said about marrying?" "I'm afraid there's something in it." "I'll make you pay for this." And she did. She held him to the contract.

U. S. MARINES TAKE A HAND

[Associated Press Cable]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 20.—Dispatches from Nicaragua tell of the attack by the rebels there upon the city of Granada, one of the principal cities of the country. The fighting methods of the rebels are stigmatized as barbaric.

It is asserted that severe fighting between the American marines, in command of Rear Admiral Southerland, and the revolutionists is now in progress.

Over-Night FEDERAL Wireless To the Advertiser

Colonel Roosevelt opened his campaign in Nebraska today.

"In this district, or in any other district," he said, "the only way in which the Republican party can show itself true to Abraham Lincoln is to support the Progressive party."

Coincident with the opening of the Democratic national campaign in Ohio today, Governor Woodrow Wilson gave his approval to the formation in New York of the Wilson National Progressive Republican League. The Governor and Rudolph Spreckels of California, now in New York in charge of the movement, exchanged telegrams today.

Plans for President Taft's stay at Beverley were altered today, and it became known that the President probably will remain in Beverly only until October 20. He had intended staying in Parramatta until a few days before the election and then closing up his summer home, traveling to Cincinnati to vote.

President Taft last night made public a letter to Secretary of the Treasury McVeagh, taking open issue with Congress on the question of a Federal budget, and directing all heads of government departments or independent officers of the government, to make their estimates of revenue and expenditures for the fiscal year in conformity with the budget plan.

A Portuguese force with many guns today left Macao, the Portuguese possession in China, with the object of surrounding the island of Coloman, a piratical stronghold, which on former occasions has been the scene of severe fighting.

It is reported at Douglas, Ariz., that the entire Mexican federal command under Colonel Obregon was wiped out by the rebels in the battle at San Joaquin ranch, seventeen miles south of Douglas, this morning. Those not killed were taken prisoners by the rebels.

Fritzi Scheff, comic opera star, after four years of married life, is reported to be about to sue her husband, John Fox Jr., the novelist, for a divorce.

A delayed cablegram from Rear Admiral Southerland, dated Managua, Nicaragua, September 17, indicates that a skirmish was fought between the United States naval forces and the rebels at Barranca, fourteen miles south of Managua, and an equal distance from Granada, which the naval expedition was seeking to relieve.

Tomorrow Secretary of State P. C. Knox will breakfast with the premier, Marquis Saloni, and immediately afterwards will leave Tokio for Yokohama. After attending a dinner to be given by the members of the United States colony in Yokohama, Secretary Knox and his suite will sail for the United States by way of Honolulu, where they will stop off for a short visit.

Nicaraguan revolutionists yesterday attacked and captured the town of San Jorge on Lake Nicaragua, five miles east of Rivas, while the rebel gunboats bombarded San Jorge.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

It is in diseases like whooping cough that the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy are most appreciated. It liquefies the tough mucus and aids expectoration. It also renders the fits of coughing less frequent and less severe depriving the disease of all dangerous consequence. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

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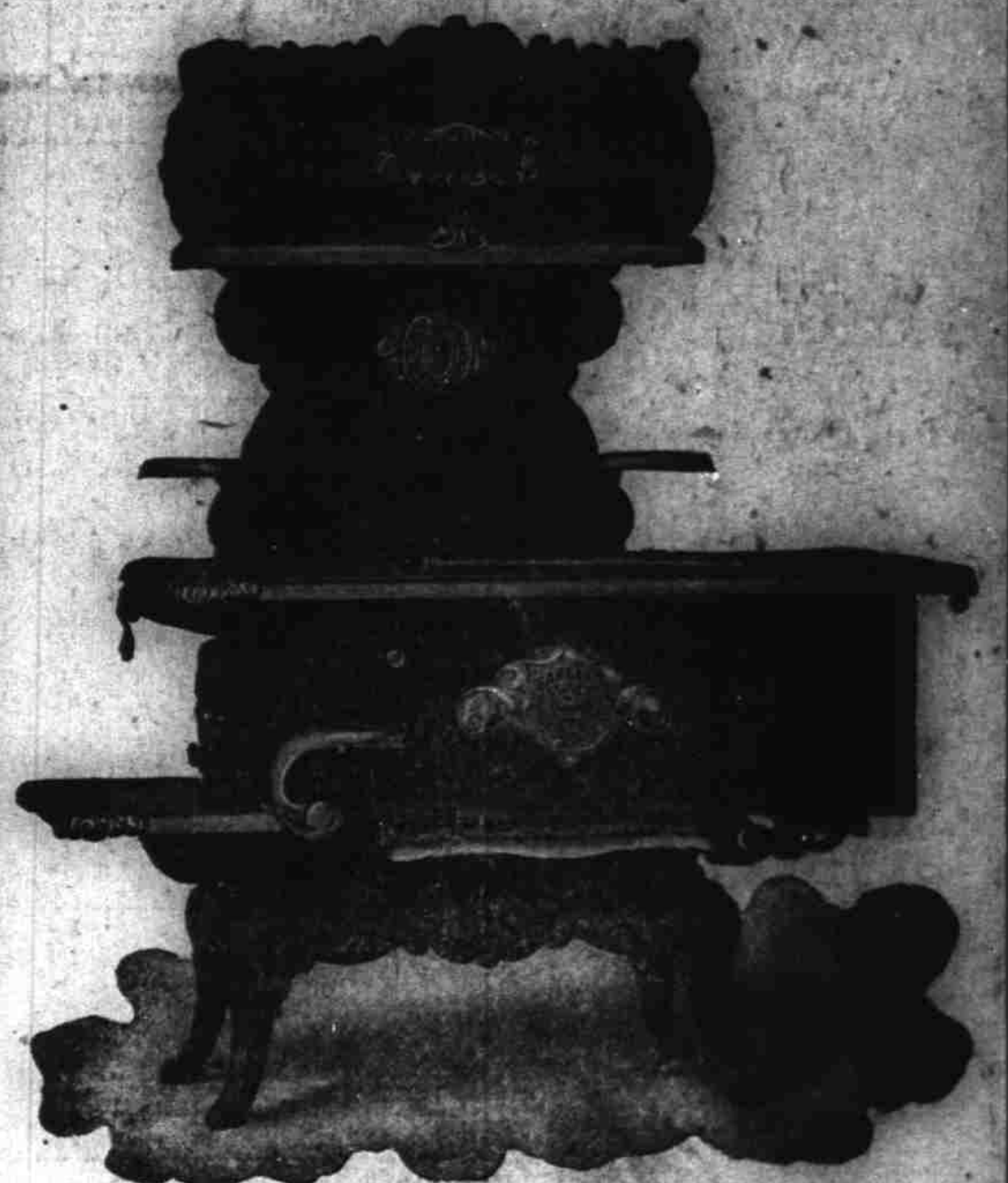


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